286
11631. f. 22

SIX ODES,

PRESENTED TO

That juſtly-celebrated HISTORIAN,

Mrs. CATHARINE MACAULAY,

ON HER

BIRTH-DAY,

And publicly read to a polite and brilliant Audience,

Aſſembled April the Second, at *Alfred-Houſe, Bath*,

To congratulate that Lady on the happy Occaſion.

Printed and ſold by R. CRUTTWELL, *BATH*,

For the Benefit of a worthy CLERGYMAN, in Diſtreſs;

SOLD ALSO BY

E. and C. DILLY, in the POULTRY; J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS; T. CADELL, STRAND; and J. ALMON, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

[Price ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

REV. DR. WILSON.

REV. SIR,

THE *ſubject matter contained in the following pages, and the benevolent motive which induced you to permit their publication, are the advocates on which I reſt my claim of pardon, for the liberty I take in addreſſing to you this Dedication.*

To reſide under the ſame roof with the moſt accompliſhed Lady of the age; to ſtand in the honourable relation to her of an intimate friend; to have the felicity of enjoying her ſocial and improving converſe, in the hours of relaxation from arduous ſtudy, muſt, to a mind like your's, afford inexpreſſible happineſs.

If this happineſs could admit of any increaſe, you muſt have enjoyed it in its full latitude, when you were witneſs of the late joyful celebration of her Birth-Day at Alfred-Houſe, by a numerous, polite, and brilliant aſſembly, from whom ſhe received thoſe diſtinguiſhed honours which are juſtly due to her eminent abilities and virtue.

To whom then can a work which relates the tranſactions of that memorable day, and which is deſigned to perpetuate the remembrance of ſo happy an event, be dedicated with ſo much propriety as to Yourſelf?

To a Gentleman of your refined ſenſe, amiable manners, and dignified character, the language of panegyric muſt be exceedingly offenſive. The internal conſcioúſneſs of having ſpent a long and honourable life in the promotion of virtue and public happineſs, will afford you ſenſations far more delightful than the incenſe of adulation, or the fineſt modulated periods of human praiſe.

I ſhall therefore forbear to wound your modeſty by the language of flattery; or by recalling to your memory thoſe deeds of public benefit

nefit *which, although they may be forgotten by* you, *are remembered with pleaſure by numbers of your friends and countrymen:— But your late generoſity, in ſo liberally contributing to the neceſſities of a worthy man in diſtreſs, and in permitting this publication to be made* ſolely for his relief, *muſt not, like the common occurrences of the day, be conſigned to oblivion. The influence of* your *example in this act of beneficence will be great in proportion as it is laudable.*

That you may long and peaceably enjoy the fruits of your labour, and remain a revered and venerable pattern of benevolence and piety, till it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to call you from the uncertainties of time to that ſtate of permanent felicity, which is the unfailing reward of Virtue in Eternity, is the ardent wiſh of

Reverend Sir,

Your ſincere admirer,

And very humble ſervant,

The EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM the reſpect and veneration ſo univerſally paid to the diſtinguiſhed abilities of Mrs. MACAULAY, we have reaſon to apprehend this publication will much engage the attention of the public: and therefore think it not improper to gratify our readers with a brief account of the manner in which that evening was ſpent which gave occaſion to the following productions.

Wedneſday, April the Second, being the Birth-Day of this celebrated Lady, was uſhered in by ringing of bells, and other public demonſtrations of the general joy felt for an event ſo pleaſing to the true friends of literature and liberty in theſe kingdoms. An elegant entertainment was prepared at Alfred-

Houſe

Houſe in the evening for a numerous and brilliant company, who ſeemed to enjoy all that happineſs which inſeparably attends politeneſs, eaſe, benevolence, and a mutual deſire to pleaſe and be pleaſed. At the opening of the entertainment, Mrs. MACAULAY, very elegantly dreſſed, was ſeated in a conſpicuous, elevated ſituation in front of the company, when the following Poems and Odes, which had been compoſed and preſented on this occaſion, were read with great propriety and expreſſion, by ſix Gentlemen ſelected out of the company,—Compariſons would be illiberal and invidious; but it would be both unjuſt and inſenſible to omit remarking, that one Ode was delivered with a grace and elocution that would have done honour to *Garrick*; and another, with an energy and action not unworthy of *Demoſthenes!*

At the cloſe of theſe poetic offerings, that honour to the church and to human nature, the pious, learned, and patriotic Dr. WILSON advanced, and preſented to Mrs. MACAULAY a large and curious gold medal, ſtruck in the reign of Queen Anne, (and preſented by her Majeſty to one of the Plenipotentiaries at the peace of Utrecht) which he accompanied with a

ſpeech

ſpeech ſtrongly expreſſive of her merit, and of his friendſhip and veneration.

Next advanced the ingenious Dr. GRAHAM, to whom the world is ſo much indebted for reſtoring health to the Guardian of our Liberties, and thereby enabling her to proceed in her inimitable Hiſtory;—he with great modeſty and diffidence preſented her with a copy of his works, containing his ſurpriſing diſcoveries and cures, to which he prefixed the following Dedication:

"To Mrs. MACAULAY!

"MADAM!

"Impreſſed with ſentiments of the deepeſt and warmeſt "gratitude, I have the honour of inſcribing to you a pam-"phlet, which has acquired importance from the renowned "name of MACAULAY!

"When I firſt publiſhed the valuable diſcoveries and im-"provements which I have made in the cure of diſeaſes, the

" world ſmiled at me as a viſionary projector, or contemned
" me as a boaſting empiric. But happily for me, and thrice
" happy for the world, that my pamphlet had the honour of
" reaching your hand. For you, Madam! had no ſooner read
" it, than your comprehenſive and moſt penetrating genius
" diſcovered, that the methods I had explored, were at once
" powerful, ſafe, and rational.——Like your compeer and
" nameſake, the illuſtrious CATHARINE! the miſtreſs of the
" greateſt empire on the globe! *you* was the firſt who had re-
" ſolution to make trial of them:—Like *her* too, you ſuc-
" ceeded; and like her, you have been graciouſly pleaſed to
" recommend them, from your own happy experience, as ſafe
" and ſalutary—as an invaluable bleſſing to mankind; and you
" have already, Madam, the ſatisfaction to know, that almoſt
" as many lives have been preſerved and made happy in Eng-
" land, by means of my diſcoveries and improvements, as in
" Ruſſia, by the ſalutary practice of inoculation.

" To have had the honour of attending a Lady of your ex-
" alted—your *unique* character: and the ſupreme bleſſedneſs of
" removing, under God, the complicated and obſtinate mala-

dies

" dies your fair—your very delicate frame was afflicted with,
" will ever be eſteemed by myſelf, and by the world, as the
" happieſt and moſt honourable incident of my life; and while
" I look up to you, Madam, as the fair foundation and grand
" pillar of my fame and fortune—hundreds encouraged by
" your example to partake of the ſame healing principles,—
" emerging from pain and wretchedneſs, ' ſhall ariſe up, and
" call you bleſſed.'

" I feel myſelf, Madam, under the greateſt obligations to
" you, for the pleaſure of your friendſhip, and for the moſt
" honourable ſuffrage of your obliging letter, and I wiſh, were
" it only in words, to demonſtrate the cordial ſenſe I bear
" of the diſtinguiſhed honour;—but a character like your's,
" Madam! ſo ſtrongly marked by learning and liberality, and
" ſo ſweetly diſtinguiſhed for philanthropy, and the moſt dif-
" fuſive benevolence—can receive no luſtre from my acknow-
" ledgments—no ornaments from my pen.

" While the world, Madam! is pouring out thanks to me
" from every quarter, for ſtrengthening the fair hand that

" guides the firſt and moſt eloquent pen in the univerſe—a pen
" that is *again* employed in the moſt noble, and moſt diſinte-
" reſted cauſe—juſtice compels me to declare, that to your
" judicious hints, and ſcientific regulation of my proceedings
" in your caſe—not a little of the merit of the extraordinary
" cure is due. But while I mention this, it is but hinting at
" the univerſality of a genius and a judgment, which your
" cotemporaries acknowledge, and which future ages, to the
" lateſt period of time, muſt admire.

" But pardon me, Madam! while I thus faintly attempt to
" expreſs with my pen, the warm feelings—the exuberant
" overflowings of my heart in thankfulneſs for your friend-
" ſhip—and in admiration of your virtues and abilities—I may
" incur your diſpleaſure by wounding that modeſty which is
" inſeparable from true genius—that delicacy which gives ad-
" ditional luſtre to even the moſt brilliant character.

" I beg leave, only, Madam! to preſent to the Rev^d. Dr.
" Wilson, thro' your agreeable medium, my moſt hearty
" acknowledgments. I rejoice that ſo great and ſo good a

" Man

" Man has experienced, ſo ſenſibly, the happy effects of my " important diſcoveries; and I acknowledge the advantages I " have received from his reſpectable patronage of my peculiar " art.

" Thus reſtored to an admiring world, and enjoying exqui- " ſitely and rationally all the pleaſures that are annexed to good " health, go on, Great Lady! in the arduous and honourable " ſphere that an indulgent Providence hath enabled you to " ſhine in; and late—very late, may you chearfully reſign the " unſatisfactory poſſeſſion of ſublunary honours, for the eter- " nal enjoyment of celeſtial Glory!!!

" I have the honour,
" Renowned Lady!
" Of remaining the moſt obedient,
" Moſt obliged, and moſt devoted
" Of your ſervants,

BATH, March 31, 1777. JAMES GRAHAM."

At

At the concluſion of theſe ſolemnities, wines were ſerved round to commemorate the day; and the company preſented the Lady with their warmeſt congratulations. They then diſperſed into different elegantly furniſhed apartments, which were finely illuminated on the occaſion, and entertained themſelves with dancing, cards, and converſation, 'till nine o'clock; when the doors of another apartment were thrown open, in which ſide-boards were ranged round, and covered in a ſumptuous manner, with ſyllabubs, jellies, creams, ices, wines, cakes, and a variety of dry and freſh fruits, particularly grapes and pine-apples.

Mrs. MACAULAY divided her attention among the company in all the rooms, and added much to their happineſs by ſuſtaining her proper character with that united dignity, eaſe, and true politeneſs, for which ſhe is ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed.

The company broke up about twelve, and concluded, with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, a day, which will be remembered with pleaſure, both on account of the accompliſhed Lady to whoſe

honour it was dedicated; and alſo on account of her worthy and generous Benefactor, in whoſe behaviour on the occaſion, the eaſe and polite chearfulneſs of youth was pleaſingly blended with the venerable ſobriety and dignity of virtue in old age.

HORTENSIA's BIRTH-DAY,

Celebrated at ALFRED-HOUSE, *2d April*, 1777.

GREAT patriot King! ſage Founder of our Laws!
Whoſe life was ſpent in Virtue's glorious cauſe:
Deſtin'd, with peace and freedom, to reſtore
The baniſh'd Muſes to Britannia's ſhore:
Learned thyſelf, who bade'ſt fair Science ſmile
On *Iſis' banks, and bleſs th' enlighten'd iſle:
If, where thou dwell'ſt amidſt th' Elyſian grove,
(Pleas'd with each ſage of Rome or Greece to rove)
If aught on earth can yet be worth thy care,
O! deign this day's ſolemnity to ſhare;

* King ALFRED founded the Univerſity of Oxford.

(Sacred to friendſhip and to feſtive mirth)
The day! that gave the fair HORTENSIA birth:
Whoſe learned page, impartial, dares explain
Each vice, or virtue, of each diff'rent reign,
Which tends to violate thy ſacred plan,
Or perfect what† thy virtuous laws began.

Bleſt month!‡ tho' ſacred to the CYPRIAN DAME,
This honour'd day let ſage MINERVA claim;
(Sacred to friendſhip and to ſocial mirth)
The day, which gave her lov'd HORTENSIA birth.

Tho' deep immers'd in the hiſtoric mine,
She bids each fact with truth's bright luſtre ſhine;
With Science fraught, yet ſee! ſhe condeſcends,
To charm with ſmiles her LÆLIUS and his friends.
Bleſt with each talent to inſtruct or pleaſe,
(Learning with candour, dignity with eaſe)

At

† The Revolution.

‡ The month of April, ſacred to Venus, in the Roman Calendar.

At friendſhip's call, ſhe quits the ſtudious chace;
Unbends her mind; reſumes each ſofter grace;
(Politely free, and innocently gay,)
With beaux to trifle, with ſoft nymphs to play:
With heart-felt joy, whilſt each delighted gueſt
Partakes with freedom the Socratic feaſt:
To Health and Liberty they crown the bowl,
Whoſe temperate draught with mirth expands the ſoul.
HORTENSIA! to thy health the bowl we'll crown,
Tho' envious Prudes, tho' Saints or Bigots, frown.
May each revolving year thy health renew!
Thy noble theme with vigour to purſue.
Our annals thro' each varied line to trace,
The Tudor, Norman, and the Saxon race;
'Till crown'd at length with ALFRED's honour'd reign,
Then ſhall we view what *Man* attempts in vain:
With dauntleſs freedom by one matchleſs *Maid*,
BRITANNIA's glory thro' the world diſplay'd,
And thy vaſt toil with endleſs fame repaid.

An IRREGULAR ODE,

Reſpectfully inſcribed to Mrs. MACAULAY,

And preſented on her BIRTH-DAY, *April* 2d, 1777.

THE ARGUMENT.

APOLLO, *having convened an aſſembly of the Celeſtials, propoſes this queſtion, viz.*—" On whom, among the preſent race of " Authors, can the wreath of permanent honour be con- " ferred with the greateſt propriety?"——PALLAS, MERCURY, *and the* GENIUS *of* LIBERTY, *all join in recommending a juſtly-celebrated* Female Hiſtorian *as beſt entitled to the prize.* APOLLO *approves their choice; bids them confer the intended honour; and tells them,* FAME *ſhall proclaim this deciſion, and* PUBLIC VIRTUE *erect an imperiſhable column to her memory.*

AS

AS high above the ſtarry ſphere,
In bright aſſembly, late, th' Immortals ſat,
APOLLO, God whom *all* revere,
Propos'd this queſtion for their grand debate:—

" Say, ye Powers Celeſtial, ſay,
" To whom on yonder ball is due
" Th' immortal wreath that ſacred Honour twines:
" Who gains the glorious prize *this day*
" Muſt genius boaſt deriv'd from you,
" Which in a venal age untainted ſhines."

He ceas'd—and PALLAS, heav'nly bright,
(As when ſhe rang'd the fields of fight
Beneath proud *Illium*'s fated towers,)
With aſpect mild the God addreſs'd,
And thus her thoughts ſerene expreſs'd,
Before th' etherial powers.

" As late the realms of earth I trac'd,
" A matchleſs Fair I ſaw;
" Bright in her ſoul the beams of ſcience ſhone,
" And in the beauteous temple of her mind,
" Fair Virtue, Senſe, and Honour, fix'd their throne.

" In the ſweet morn of life's gay bloom,
" My precepts ſhe obey'd,
" Until my laurels crown'd her brow,
" And flouriſh'd round her head.

" Fir'd with the flame which from *my* lamp ſhe drew,
" New were her thoughts, her nervous language new,
" While in the mirror of th' *hiſtoric page*,
" Of BRITONS' woes ſhe trac'd the ſprings,
" When haughty *Stuarts* ſcourg'd a venal age,
" Or Juſtice triumph'd o'er deſpotic Kings.
" Her only boaſt, to lead fair Freedom's train;—
" The path of public happineſs to trace;—
" To look on *regal pride* with juſt diſdain,
" And mark its fatal period in diſgrace:—

" To

" To teach proud monarchs truths that muſt controul
" The luſt of power uſurp'd, and ſhake a tyrant's ſoul!
" Let then, Great Judge, around Her Temples ſhine,
" Th' immortal wreath that Truth and Honour twine."

Next roſe the GOD of ELOQUENCE,
Who charms to *Wiſdom* can diſpenſe,
And thus advanc'd his claim:
" The Fair whom *Pallas* recommends,
" Stands *foremoſt* in my liſt of friends,
" And merits deathleſs fame.

" Her mind illum'd by Wiſdom's ſacred ray,
" Her pen inſpir'd by my celeſtial fire,
" In attic eloquence thoſe truths convey,
" Which *Sydney* taught, and *Freedom's Sons* admire;
" And while her periods *clear* and *ſtrong*,
" Like ſome majeſtic river roll along,
" They kindle at the blaze of more than Roman fire.

" In her poliſh'd pages, ſee,
" United, grandeur and ſimplicity,

" Like

" Like intermingling light and ſhade,
" By *Titian*'s animating pencil laid,
" When he, with bold creative hand,
" Pourtray'd the bright celeſtial band,
" That grace the court of *Jove*.

" Inſpir'd by Freedom, *She*, like *Cato* thought,
" And kindling with my flame, like *Livy* wrote.
" Let then, Great Judge, around her temples ſhine,
" Th' immortal wreath that Truth and Honour twine."

Apollo ſmil'd—the GENIUS bold
Of LIBERTY, array'd in Roman veſt,
Caught the propitious ſmile, and thus the Throne addreſs'd:

" If *Freedom* is to *Phœbus* dear,
" If Heav'n's beſt boon he ſtill revere,
" Permit her Genius to appear,
In favour of the Fair, whoſe patriot ſoul
Breathes all my ſpirit in a venal land,
And dares Corruption's progreſs to controul.

When

" When my BRITANNIA's nobleſt Sons,
" Beneath Oppreſſion's iron hand,
" All ſad, and bleeding lay;
" Then, arm'd with Truth, and Reaſon's ſhield,
" She dauntleſs trod the doubtful field,
" To cheer the fainting band;—
" To burſt fell Slav'ry's galling chain,
" And rear my enſigns in the land.

" To her capacious mind,
" The clue of government unravel'd lies
" In all its varying forms;
" She explores its ſecret ſprings;
" Tears off the maſk, and brands with infamy
" Thoſe *ſelf-created* powers uſurp'd by Kings,
" And *titled ſlaves of Kings*.

" Let then, Great Judge, around her temples ſhine,
" Th' immortal wreath that Truth and Honour twine."

The GENIUS ceaſing, graceful bow'd;
APOLLO, with approving nod,
Addreſs'd the bright celeſtial crowd,
And gave the ſanction of the God:—

" Here—Powers Immortal!—this debate ſhall end:
" Go—with *my* Laurels crown your peerleſs friend.
" In her fair pages *Spartan* virtue ſhines;
" With *Roman* valour glow her nervous lines.
" Her poliſh'd ſhafts ſhall bear reſiſtleſs ſway,
" And to expiring Freedom give the day.
" Her virtues all the virtuous ſhall revere,
" And, aw'd by Her, ſhall *Tyrants* learn to fear.
" Kings, taught by Her, may make contention ceaſe,
" With wiſdom rule, and wear their crowns in peace.
" Go on, my Fair! 'till low beneath thy feet
" Oppreſſion bends, and Freedom reigns complete.
" Go on—(while every tongue repeats thy name)
" And crown thy temples with the wreath of Fame;—

" Whoſe

" Whoſe ſwelling trump from ſea to ſea ſhall ſound,
" MACAULAY's name the liſt'ning world around;
" And *Public Virtue* to thy Mem'ry raiſe
" A Column of imperiſhable praiſe."

O D E

On reading Mrs. MACAULAY's Letter to Dr. GRAHAM.

WITH penſive ſtep, and humid eye,
Her boſom charg'd with many a ſigh,
Before APOLLO's throne,
Th' HISTORIC MUSE reclin'd her head,
Her ſupplicating hands ſhe ſpread,
And made her ſorrows known.

'Great patron of the healing art,
'O chear this fond, foreboding heart,
'And let theſe tears be dry;
'They for my deareſt fav'rite flow,—
'O ward from her the fatal blow,
'That bids MY CATHARINE die!

'Long

'Long in her tender frame unſeen,
'The ſlow-progreſſive foe has been,—
'And now, my fears preſage,
'Too ſoon that pen ſhall uſeleſs be,
'Fair CATH'RINE had from *Truth* and *Me*,
'To fill th' immortal page.

'Say not, theſe fears are mine, in vain;
'For ah! behold in yonder fane,*
'The marble tomb ariſe:
'Alas! the monumental buſt,
'And tribute to her fame, though juſt,
'Are horror to mine eyes!

'O! is there not ſome potent charm,
'The cruel ſpoiler to diſarm,
'That health again may bloom?
'May not the Muſe diſmiſs her fears,
'And ſee her Fav'rite's added years
'Still diſappoint the tomb?'

'Thou

* St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

" Thou ſhalt;" th' indulgent God reply'd,
" Dear Maid, let all thy tears be dry'd;
" CATH'RINE ſhall yet be thine;
" Her hand ſhall reaſſume the quill,
" And bid the faithful record ſtill
" Along thy pages ſhine.

" To ſtop the ravage of the foe,
" My GRAHAM inſtantly ſhall go,
" And ſet thy Fav'rite free;
" No more let ſorrow fill thine eye,—
" On GRAHAM's ſkill ſecure rely,
" For he was taught by me."

' Oh how' (the Muſe enraptur'd cries,
With tranſport beaming from her eyes)
' Shall I reward him then?'
" His great reward, APOLLO ſaid,
" Shall be the thanks, my deareſt Maid,
" From thy MACAULAY's pen."

ODE

O D E

To Mrs. M A C A U L A Y,

On her BIRTH-DAY, *April* the Second.

By a YOUTH of ſeventeen Years of Age.

O Thou, t' inſtruct the human mind,
By all the bounteous Gods deſign'd,
In HIST'RY's learned lore!
O Thou, whom raptur'd *Truth* inſpires!
Thou, whom th' applauſive world admires,
And *Wiſdom*'s ſons adore!

By

By glorious *Lyrick's* magic ſtrain,
Which made wild tyrants frown in vain,
And all their rage diſarm'd:
By all thoſe Druid Harps of old,
Whoſe notes (as ancient tales unfold)
The ſtorms of madneſs charm'd!

By that deep viſionary Wood,
Where *Prudom's* hallow'd altar ſtood,—
The work of hands divine!
By all that laureate Band, which pray'd
In tranſport to the ſmiling Maid,
Around the gifted ſhrine!

By all the Heroes of the Dead!
By all thoſe Chiefs, who nobly bled
For *Britain's* dying laws!
By all thoſe Patriots, mark'd by Fame,
Who 'midſt the ſhades* repeat the name
Of *Cath'rine* with applauſe!——

Accept,—

* The Shades of Elyſium.

Accept,—(nor *Hiſt'ry*'s Self ſhall blame)
Accept, amidſt the loud acclaim,
The tribute of the Nine!
O hear the ſoft mellifluous lay,
That in low murmurs dies away,—
A favouring ear incline!

The ſtill ſmall note the Muſes love,
As *Pity* loves the plaintive dove,
Or woodland pilgrim's tale!
MACAULAY's name—the Muſe ſhall ſing—
Still ſhall ſhe ſweep the trembling ſtring,
When ſhouts of rapture fail!

The beauties of her poliſh'd line,
Where eaſe and elegance combine,
The Muſe ſhall calmly tell
To dryads and to ſylvan fawns,
To all the nymphs of groves and lawns,
And tenants of the cell!

By glorious *Sparta*'s magic ſtrain,
Which made wild tyrants frown in vain,
And all their rage diſarm'd:
By all thoſe Druid Harps of old,
Whoſe notes (as ancient tales unfold)
The ſtorms of madneſs charm'd!

By that deep viſionary Wood,
Where *Freedom*'s hallow'd altar ſtood,—
The work of hands divine!
By all that laureate Band, which pray'd
In tranſport to the ſmiling Maid,
Around the gifted ſhrine!

By all the Heroes of the Dead!
By all thoſe Chiefs, who nobly bled
For *Britain*'s dying laws!
By all thoſe Patriots, mark'd by Fame,
Who 'midſt the ſhades* repeat the name
Of *Cath'rine* with applauſe!——

Accept,—

* The Shades of Elyſium.

Accept,—(nor *Hiſt'ry*'s Self ſhall blame)
Accept, amidſt the loud acclaim,
The tribute of the Nine!
O hear the ſoft mellifluous lay,
That in low murmurs dies away,—
A favouring ear incline!

The ſtill ſmall note the Muſes love,
As *Pity* loves the plaintive dove,
Or woodland pilgrim's tale!
MACAULAY's name—the Muſe ſhall ſing—
Still ſhall ſhe ſweep the trembling ſtring,
When ſhouts of rapture fail!

The beauties of her poliſh'd line,
Where eaſe and elegance combine,
The Muſe ſhall calmly tell
To dryads and to ſylvan fawns,
To all the nymphs of groves and lawns,
And tenants of the cell!

With joy ſhall all the watery Gods,
And pow'rs that hold the green abodes,
Great *Hiſt'ry's Genius*, hail!
" High Hoel's harp" ſhall wake again!
Again ſhall " ſoft *Lewellyn*'s ſtrain"
Swell ſweetly down the vale!

A VISION.

A VISION.

In ſomnis, Ecce ante oculos mæſtiſſimus HECTOR
Viſus adeſſe mihi, manifeſtus lumine multo.

VIRG.

MY mind, with low'ring heavy clouds depreſt,
Big with my country's ruin, ſunk to reſt;
Her bleeding wounds my waking thoughts had fir'd,
And night reflected what the day inſpir'd.
Methought, on *Alfred*'s tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrew'd;—
Alfred the Great!—juſt, virtuous, mild, and good!
When lo!—a graceful, venerable ſhade
Gleam'd thro' the gloom, and brighten'd all the glade;
Devoutly fix'd, as on ſome ſolemn day,
With ſuppliant hands he pray'd, or ſeem'd to pray:——

" Great Son of *Jove*, and Ruler of the Year,
" With joyous ſpeed begin the day's career!
" The day, which gave the great MACAULAY birth,
" Whoſe pen on *England*'s Hiſt'ry firſt ſtamp'd worth.
" Like her whole life, unſpotted be its light;
" Free as her ſoul, and as her genius bright!
" With feſtive joy, oh! let it ſtill be crown'd!
" With feſtive joy let *Alfred-Houſe* reſound!
" That Houſe, where elegance and uſe unite;
" Like its good Donor, finiſh'd and polite:
" Patron of Arts, in whom we ſee, combin'd,
" Wit (which is ſtrange!) with ſenſe and candour join'd;—
" Taſte unaffected—patriotiſm refin'd;—
" A breaſt, where all the ſocial virtues reign;—
" A heart which knows no guile,—a hand no ſtain!

" Yet let not GRAHAM unnotic'd paſs away,
" Who, in her health, adds luſtre to the day;
" Who, to the noon of æth'ral knowledge run,
" Its influence pours, diffuſive like the ſun

To

" To *all* its *ſubtle, genial* heat diſplays,
" Within the circle of its *fluid* rays ;*
" New-ſtrung her frame unnerv'd by ſickneſs' reign,
" And gave elaſtic genius force to ſhine ;
" Health to her body, vigour to her mind,
" With manly ſenſe, and reſolution join'd."

He ſaid——and turning his majeſtic head
To ME, in all but my attention dead :——

" Stranger ! whoſe unchain'd pious hand has paid
" Theſe grateful rights to my attentive ſhade,
' This meſſage to MACAULAY bear, (he cry'd)
" Her country's ornament—her ſex's pride !
" Bid her compleat her Hiſt'ry's noble plan,
" Nor ſpare the *Parricide*, tho' great the man ;
" The penſion'd ſlave drag from his baſe-got car ;
" Bare the vile heart that ſkulks behind a ſtar ;
" In equal ſcales weigh ev'ry monarch's life,
" And to true worth impartial plaudits give ;

" Pluck,

* A philoſophical, tho' figurative, diſquiſition of the qualities of Æther.

" Pluck, pluck the maſk off face of Tyranny,
" And in my portrait paint—what KINGS *ſhould be.*
" Stranger, farewell!"——he ſaid, and flit away,
As all the Eaſt grew ſtreak'd with op'ning day.
Amaz'd—half drowſy—'waken'd in a fright,
I roſe, and penn'd this VISION of the Night.

BRITANNIA's REWARD.

A VISION.

AS late I wander'd o'er the upland lawn,
And ſaw ſweet Spring's reviving bloſſoms dawn;
Mark'd Nature riſe from her cold wintry bed,
And o'er the earth her verdant veſture ſpread:
A beauteous hillock, tempting to the eye,
On its ſoft margin 'lur'd my limbs to lie;
Around my feet the playful lambkins fed,
And the gay linnet carol'd o'er my head;
The Muſe—companion ever by my ſide,
" My ſhame in crouds, my ſolitary pride,"*

Sooth'd

* GOLDSMITH.

Sooth'd me from ev'ry thought of anxious life,
Ambition's phrenzy, and rebellious ſtrife;
No wiſh for riches o'er my boſom ſtole,
No pangs of conſcience diſcompos'd my ſoul;
Serenely quiet lay my gentle breaſt,
No fears alarm'd me, and no griefs oppreſt,—
At length I ſunk from reverie to reſt.

'Twas then ſwift Fancy, with a mimic mien,
Preſented thus this viſionary ſcene:——

Methought, with all magnificence of ſtate,
High on a throne the great BRITANNIA ſat;
She held a crown of laurel in her hand,
And round her ſtood the Worthies of the Land;
On all ſhe ſeem'd to caſt a cordial look,
And thus, with warmth, our guardian Goddeſs ſpoke:——

" Britons, by noble, godlike minds inſpir'd,
" By nations honour'd, and by genius fir'd;
" My deareſt children! ſhall we tamely ſee
" Proud wreaths beſtow'd on dames of Italy?

Alas!

" Alas! have we no Fair-one of our own,
" Who merits praiſes, and deſerves renown?
" My deareſt daughters! wiſe, as ye are fair!
" My greateſt glory, and my earlieſt care!
" Well do I know, there are within my coaſt,
" Shall make the fam'd *Corelli* ceaſe to boaſt;
" From her high ſeat, ere long, we'll ſee her hurl'd,
" And Britain's dames be honour'd thro' the world,
" Come, come, my daughters! and approach my throne;
" Approach, and view this ever-honour'd crown;——
" Who beſt deſerves, ſhall claim it as her own."

She ceas'd; and lovely BARBAULD* foremoſt ſtood;
Virtuous, as fair,—and learned as ſhe's good!
BARBAULD, who ſung the brave *Paoli*'s fate,—
That great ſupporter of a ſinking ſtate!
Who made ſweet ſpring in ſweeter numbers ſhine;
Whoſe life's as faultleſs as her poliſh'd line!

Next came CHAPONE, who, like a tender guide,
O'er life's ſmooth ſurface taught the youth to glide;

* Miſs AIKIN.

Whoſe uſeful precepts teach the artleſs maid
To ſhun the wily villain's ambuſcade;
And, noble taſk! inſtructed wav'ring minds
How the bleſt path to heav'nly glory winds.

The figure next preſented to my view,
Reſembled learned critic, MONTAGUE;
Her brow the ſtrength of ſentiment expreſt,
And *Shakeſpeare*'s head hung graceful on her breaſt,

Next CARTER came, for wiſdom long ador'd,
Who the vaſt depth of *Grecian* wit explor'd;
Made *Epictetus*' moral leſſons guide
The *Britiſh* youth by virtue's ſacred ſide.

'Twas then methought I ſaw a form appear,
That did the marks of conſcious virtue wear;
The Sons of Freedom, ſhouting, clear'd the way,
Proclaiming loud it was her NATAL DAY!
One hand a roll of ancient records grac'd,
The other arm ſweet Liberty embrac'd;

And on her boſom *Alfred* hung,—*the Great*,
Who plung'd Corruption headlong from her ſeat:
When ſhe approach'd, by Hope no more inſpir'd,
The yielding Chimants modeſtly retir'd;
As they withdrew, *Britannia* ſmil'd on each,
Gave each a bow, and thus aſſum'd her ſpeech:——

" If to hand down a faithful narrative,
" Make former days in future ages live;
" If not the ſcepter'd Tyrant e'en to ſpare,
" And bid a future tyrant King—beware!
" To plead with warmth in Freedom's ſacred cauſe,
" Defend my people, and ſupport their laws;
" To ſhew Corruption in her vileſt light;
" To ſpeak with boldneſs, and undaunted write;
" To tear the ſhackles from the Briton's wriſt,
" And from his eyes to clear the *northern* miſt;
" To perſevere in threat'ning Courtiers' ſpite;
" To laſh the mean, the ſervile favourite;
" If ſuch be merit, ſuch deſerve our praiſe,
" MACAULAY, come, and take the well-earn'd bays."

She then, methought, knelt at *Britannia*'s throne,
And on her head was plac'd the honour'd crown.
Then ſaid the Goddeſs—" Deareſt *Britons* view,
" That Merit once again receives its due:
" Sing, ſing her praiſes,—ſing it every bard
" MACAULAY gains *Britannia*'s juſt reward."
Quick thro' the throng the loud applauſe ran,
And thus the ſong of melody began:——

Strike, ſtrike the chorded ſhell,
Acquaint, acquaint the nations round,
In one united ſound;
MACAULAY's triumph tell.
'Tis She, 'tis She, 'tis he!
The Child of Liberty
To whom *Britannia* gave the prize;
Sound, ſound her triumph to the ſkies!

Hampden, from thy bleſsful ſeat,
Where Virtue finds ſafe retreat,

Thou

Thou Patriot bold,
With joy behold
Her name on Fame's bright liſt enroll'd.
To HER *Britannia* gave the prize;
Sound, ſound her triumph in the ſkies!

Ye Gods! who guard our ſacred iſle,
On fair MACAULAY deign to ſmile!
Whoſe worth ten thouſand tongues proclaim;
Who glory adds to *England*'s fame;
Strike, ſtrike the chorded ſhell,
Let melodious numbers ſwell;
'Tis She, 'tis She, 'tis She!
The Child of Liberty!
To whom *Britannia* gave the prize,
Oh! ſound her triumph thro' the ſkies!

To the BENEVOLENT and HUMANE!

The following CASE is reſpectfully recommended.

A Worthy CLERGYMAN, curate of a village in one of the eaſtern counties, has for near ten years been ſtruggling with adverſe fortune: He has had fifteen children, eight of which are ſtill living, and moſtly ſmall. To ſupport this large family, and all the expences neceſſarily attending their birth, and the death of ſuch as are gone, his whole income has never amounted to 80l. a year; and even this income has been leſſened by the expences incurred from diſtant weekly duty, which he has regularly performed.

Frequent applications have been made, both by himſelf and his friends, for preferment; the largeneſs of his family was a reaſonable plea; his abilities, conduct, and diligence in the duties of his ſtation, ſtrengthened that plea, and ought to have rendered thoſe applications ſucceſsful: But, hitherto, they have only gained him promiſes not yet realized.

Preſſed,

Preſſed, however, by neceſſity, and apt to rely too much on the promiſes repeatedly made him, he has contracted debts, which, in his preſent ſituation, it is impoſſible he ſhould ever diſcharge. The natural impatience of his creditors increaſed in proportion to his diſappointment; and divers of them have recovered their money at his expence.—One of them, a perſon of great property, from whoſe profeſſions of friendſhip this unhappy Clergyman thought himſelf ſecure, has lately entered his houſe with an execution, and ſtripped him of every thing. By this unkind treatment, himſelf and his family are reduced to the moſt diſtreſſed ſituation—without a home—without a bed to lie on—and, from ſome other ſmall debts, under the ſad apprehenſion of experiencing the horrors of a priſon; at preſent ſubſiſting on the temporary bounty of a few pitying friends in London.

To be thus reduced, not through his own fault, but by a hard neceſſity, muſt, in a feeling mind like his, awaken reflections too painful for language to expreſs; and render a life, which has been uſefully and honourably ſpent, almoſt inſupportable.

This is a Caſe which appeals ſtrongly to the tendereſt feelings of Humanity: And it is humbly hoped that thoſe, whoſe generous boſoms glow with compaſſion at ſuch accumulated ſuffering, will not only *pity*, but *help* him with a little of that wealth wherewith a bounteous Providence has bleſſed them. "To communicate and do good," is

the

the indiſpenſable duty of Chriſtians: It is the moſt acceptable ſacrifice they can offer to the Munificent Source of Every Bleſſing:—But the extenſion of Charity to *worthy objects* in diſtreſs, is a duty enforced by Reaſon and Humanity, as well as Chriſtianity:—It wants not the feeble aid of Eloquence to enforce it:—The ſufferings of *ſuch* addreſs the ſoul in a ſtronger language than that of words, and appeal to thoſe finer feelings which are the glory of Human Nature.

Thoſe who are generouſly diſpoſed to contribute to this worthy perſon's relief, are reſpectfully informed, that Donations will be received at Meſſrs. Smith, Wright, and Gray's, Bankers, Lombard-ſtreet; Batſon's Coffee-Houſe; and Mr. John Fry's, Cheeſemonger, Whitechapel, London: Mr. Cruttwell's, Printer, and Mr. Edmund Rack's, No. 5, St. James's-Parade, Bath: Mr. Joſeph Fry's, oppoſite the New Market, and Mr. Philip Tucket's, Caſtle-Green, Briſtol:—Where any inquiries reſpecting this diſtreſſed Clergyman will be anſwered.

☞ *The Profits ariſing from the Sale of this Pamphlet will be appropriated to the above benevolent Purpoſe.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 24 JY 72

F I N I S.